BEIT





Credits

Photographs and quotes by Fionn McGinley.

Poetry, drawings, collages and quotes by Blake Corrigan.

Illustrations, book design and photograph (page 103) by Jennifer Mongey Balfe.

Introduction

Brut: Outsiders on the Inside is a collated collection of work produced by two Irish brut artists, and an illustrator, whose collaboration captures a snapshot of Ireland's culture and creativity between 2019 and 2020.

Combining film photography, poetry, drawing, collage and design, Blake Corrigan, Fionn McGinley and Jennifer Mongey Balfe reflect the current climate and headspace of Irish society as it is.

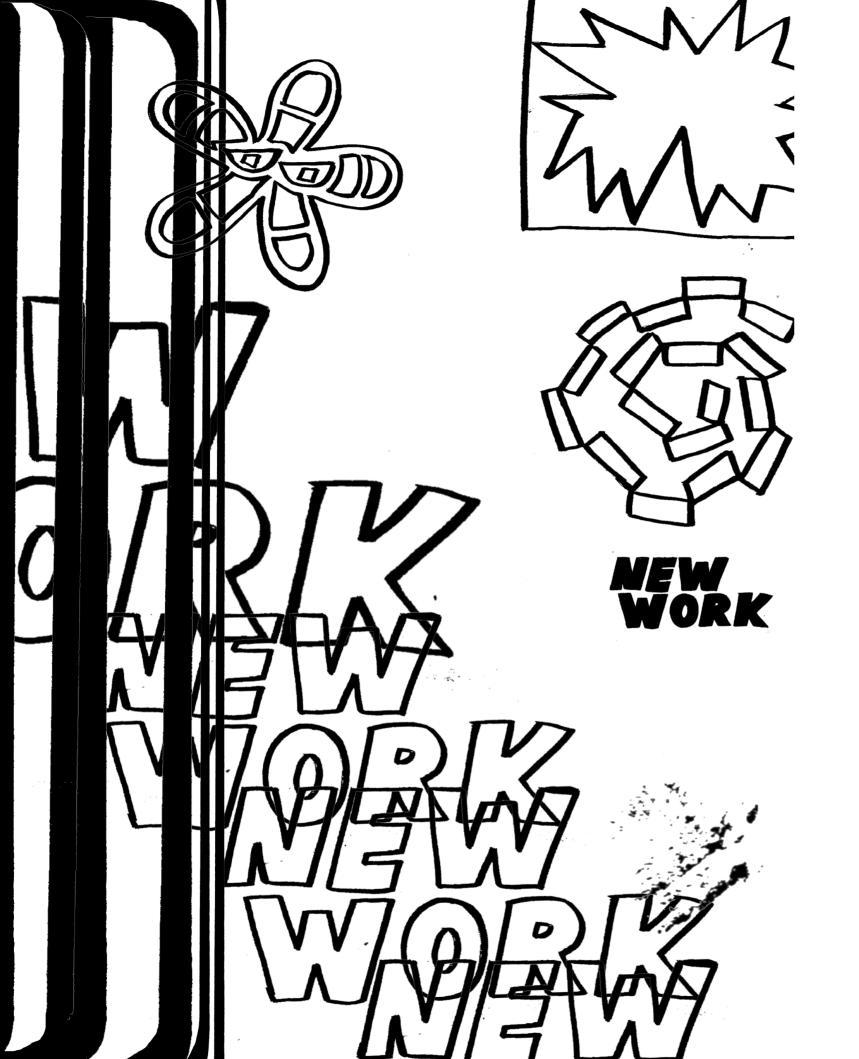
Experimenting with the findings through freely expressing their own creativity - the results thrive under the influence of vigorous processes and attention to detail.

There are three chapters - 'think.', 'feel.' and 'listen.' - a simplified representation of the steps to recognising creative potential in the things that surround you; and how to accept creativity into your life.

Furthermore, they organise the collective's visual material into a more cohesive narrative, reflecting the diversity of interpretation.

Acknowledgements

Thank you to Blake Corrigon and Fionn McGinley for their continued dedication and enthusiasm throughout this project. Their openmindedness and raw creativty has been inspiring to work alongside of, and building this collective together has been incredibly rewarding experience. This book wouldn't exist without them, so for that I am most grateful. In the meantime, I anticipate our next creative endevour.



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It all starts with thought. At all times, matter we where go, we take our minds with us. This is how we navigate the world, and understand what goes on around us. In what ways can we expand on these thoughts?

This is how we think.

think.

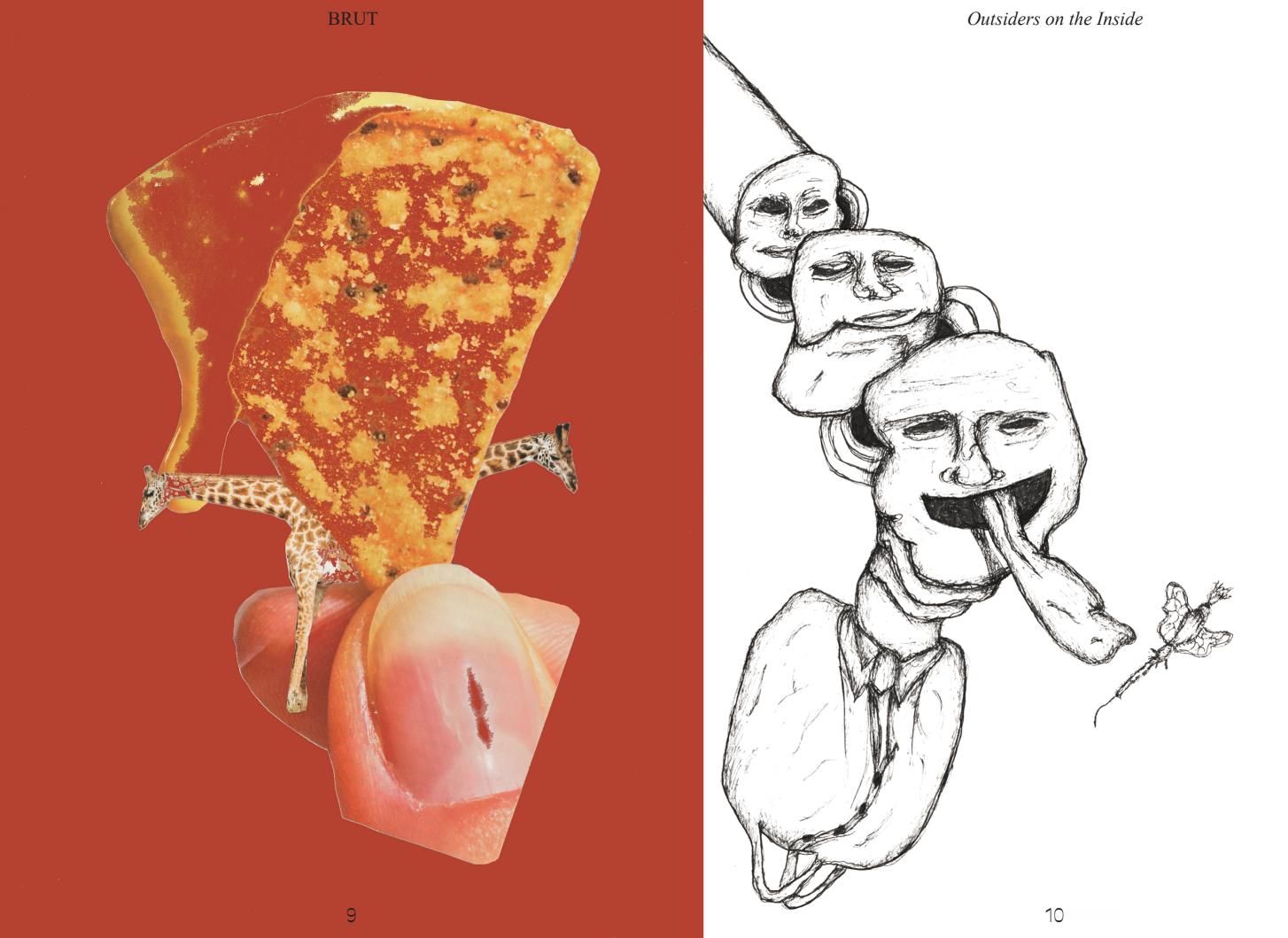
a drink of heer on the Metro some crisps, in American - chips dremed as the desert people looked at him with backpack they think, it looks, as though he is not part of them

the movement station gasses graffiti on the wall dated zook the tracks screeched we jumped of this world to become giant fresh geathers and nectarines waiting for break fast again, at the table, where we met for the beginning.

Trip.

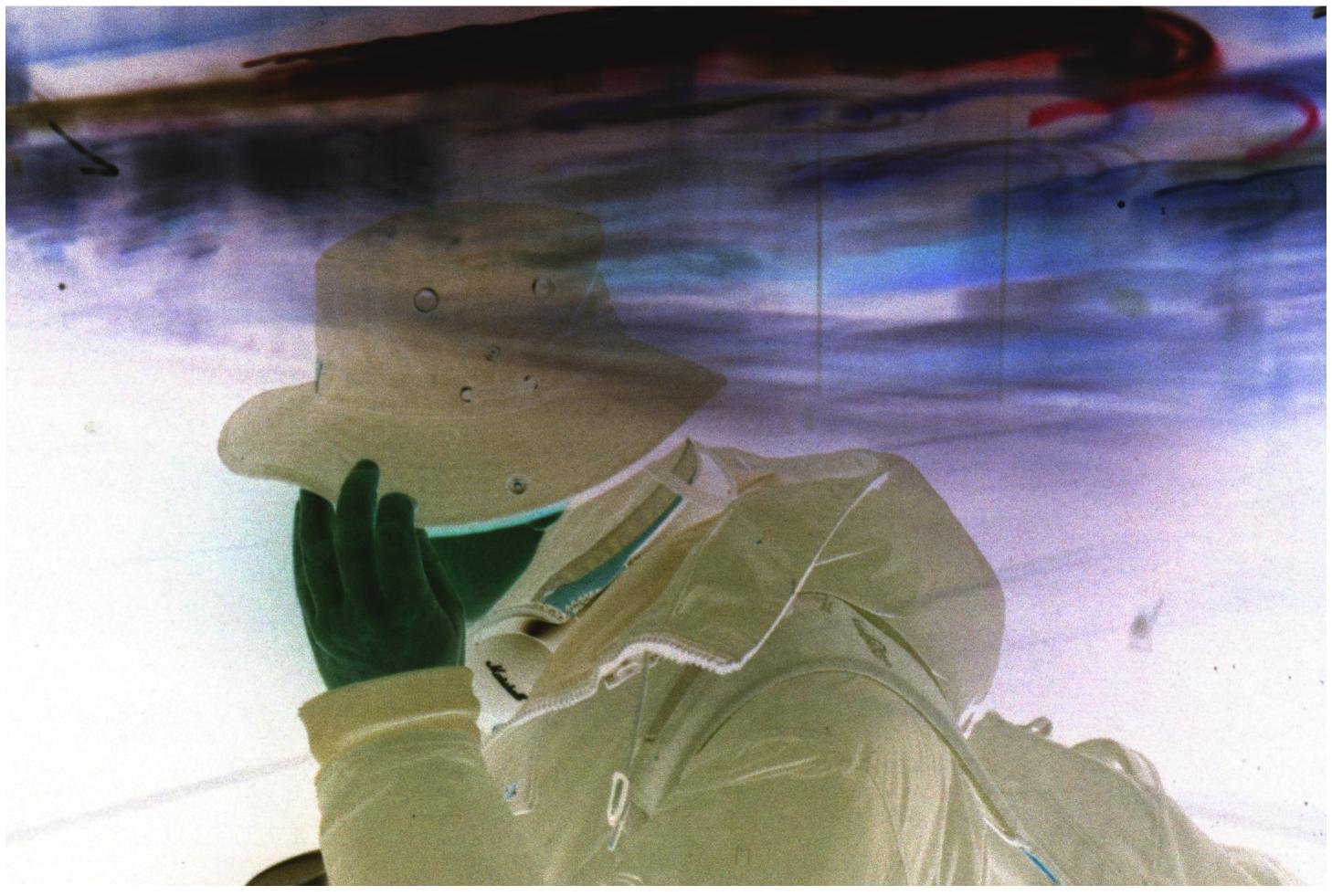


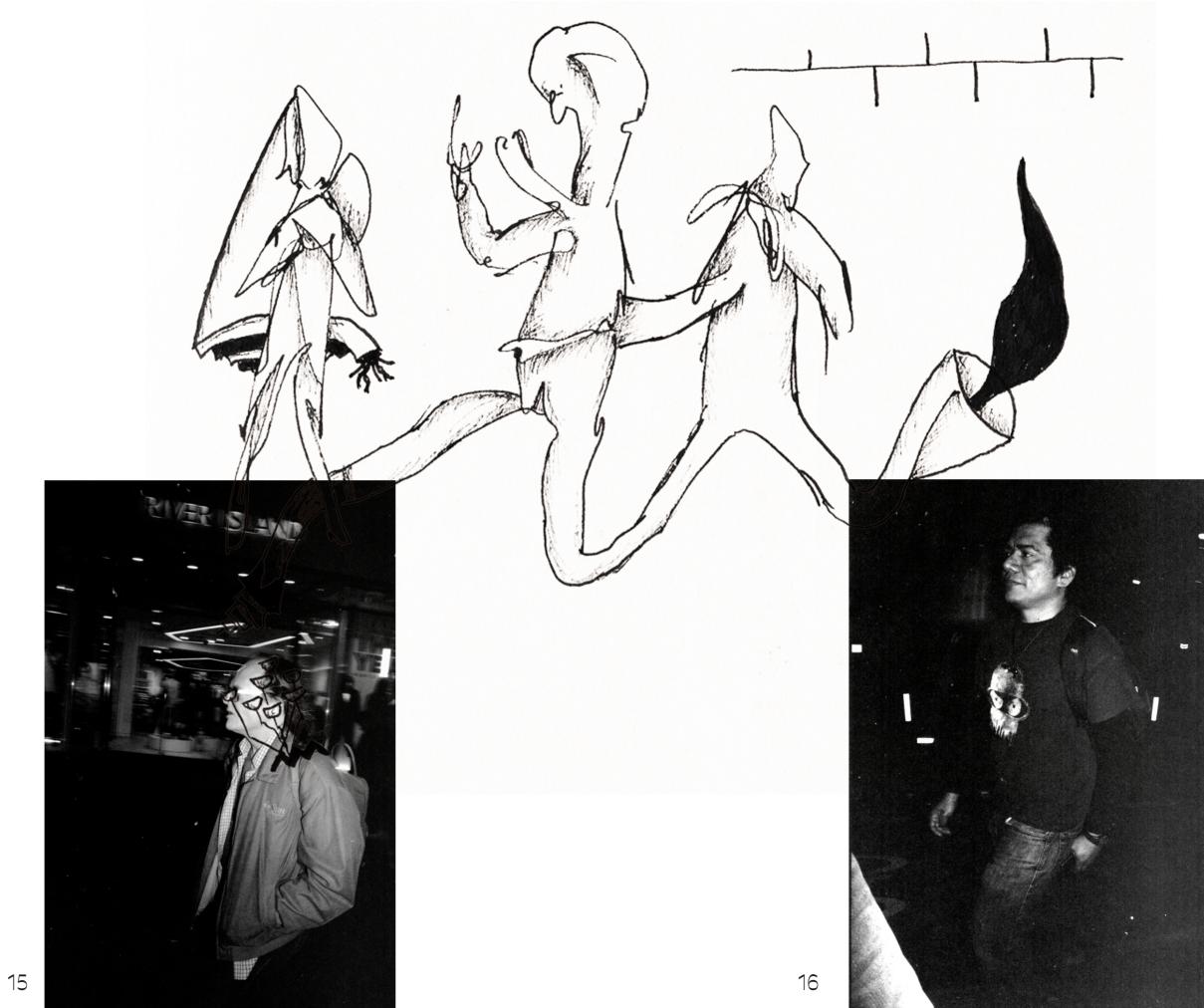




THEY'RE BUSINESSMEN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO FEED ON AND THEIR **BODY IS A** PLASTIC BAG.

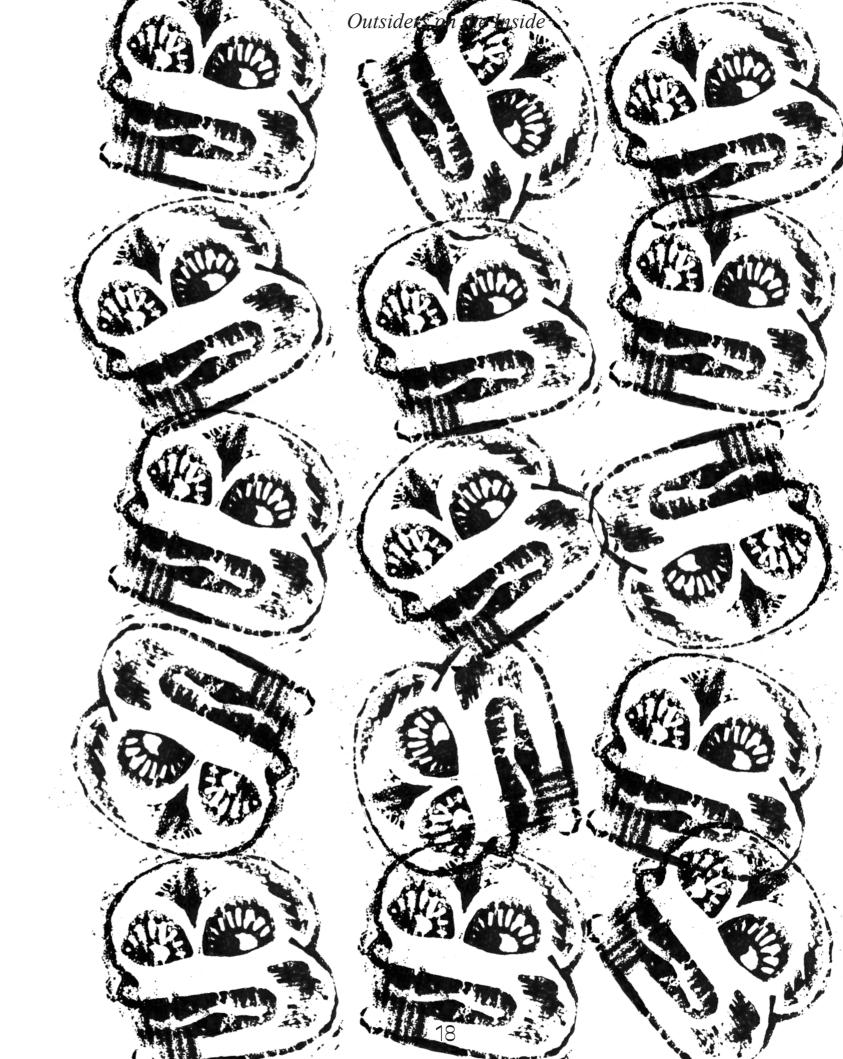


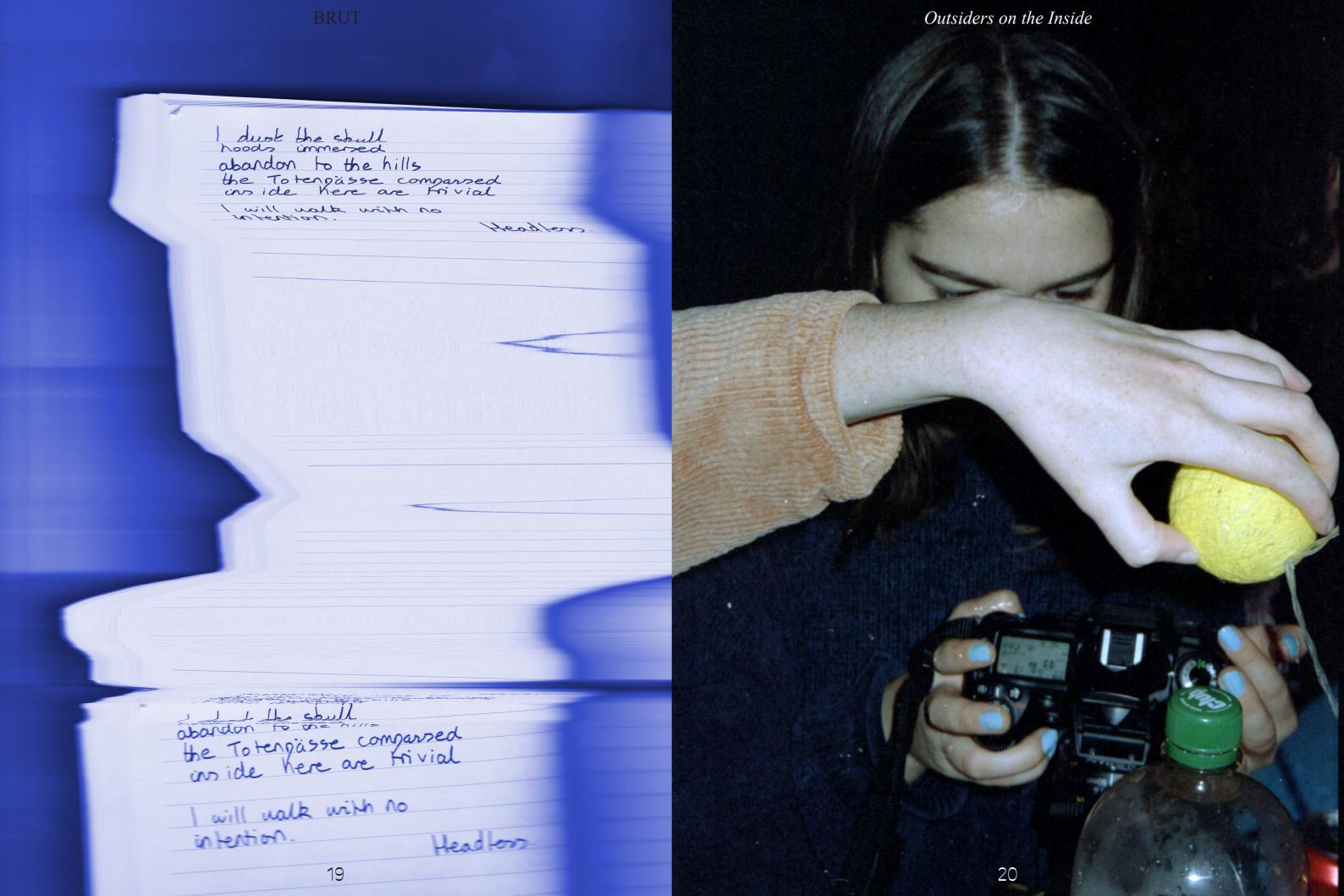




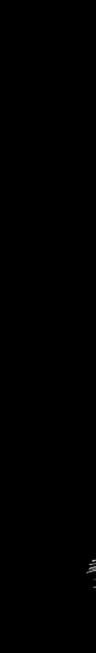








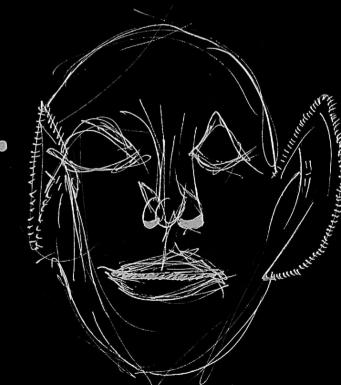


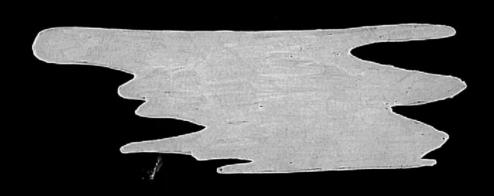


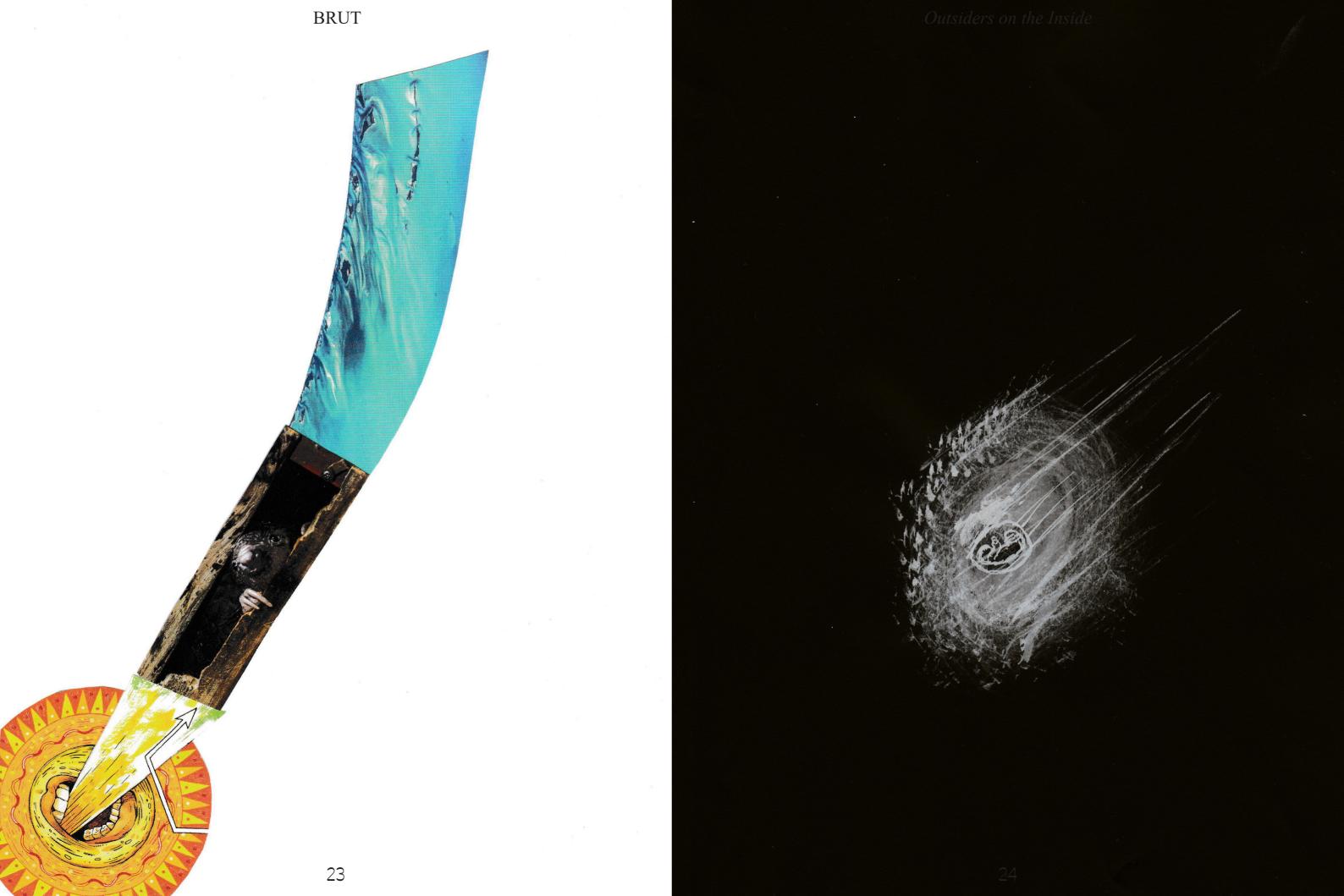








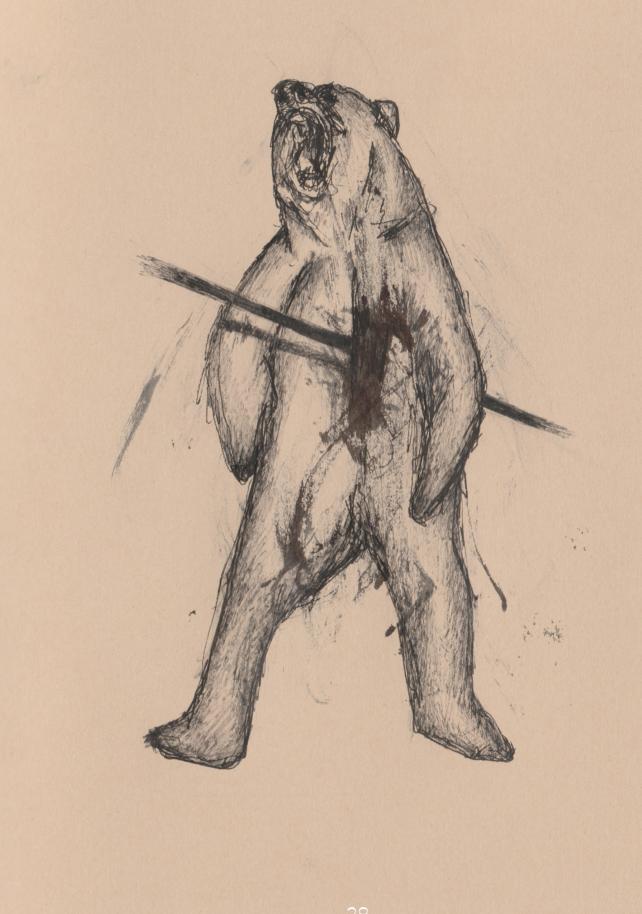






BRUT

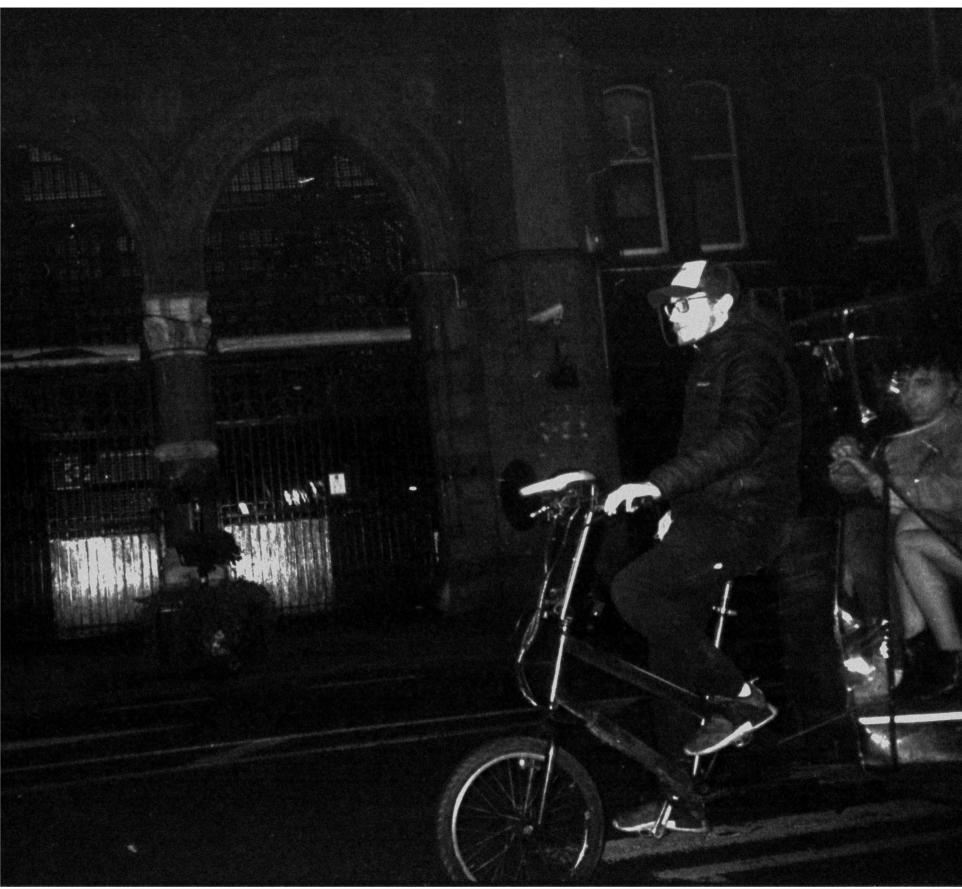








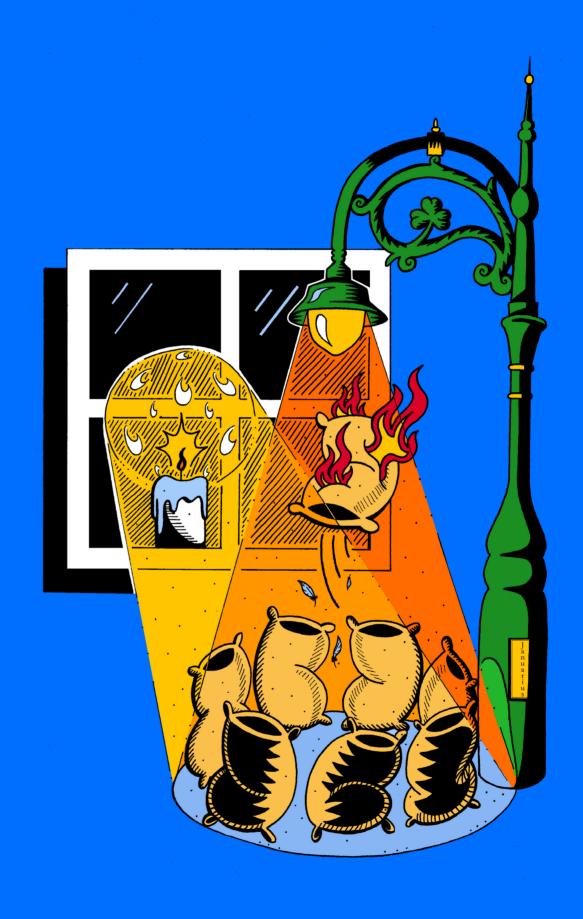




the cushions askew look used at night when all are bed ridden they acquire a pose as days don't exist.

a lone Hicker of candlelight can turn the street into a ritual never a moment shot into the square window so fast.

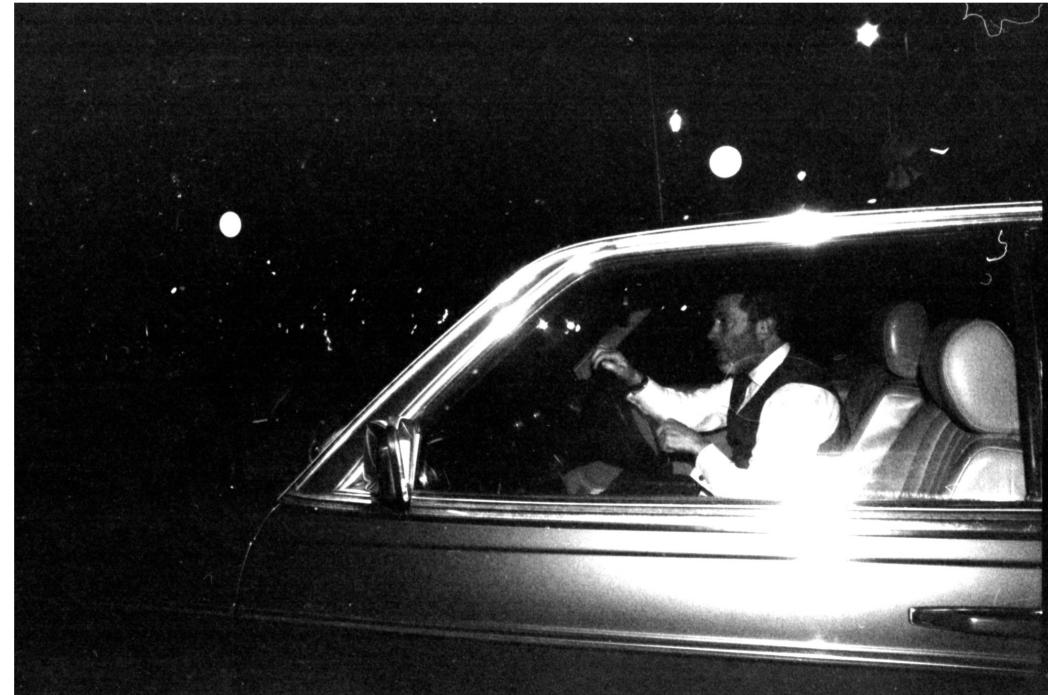
Farvarius.



the duvets stretch marks are showing and so are the walls' acre. the doors are wrinkled and the ceiling is wounded.

the hiding faces of the window cry as a midnight car drives by. it echoes, a painlers aging.





How do we process our experiences? Do we move on as soon as it's over? there Are feelings that linger? What do we wish could we last make last a bit longer? Sit with it all, and see what comes out.

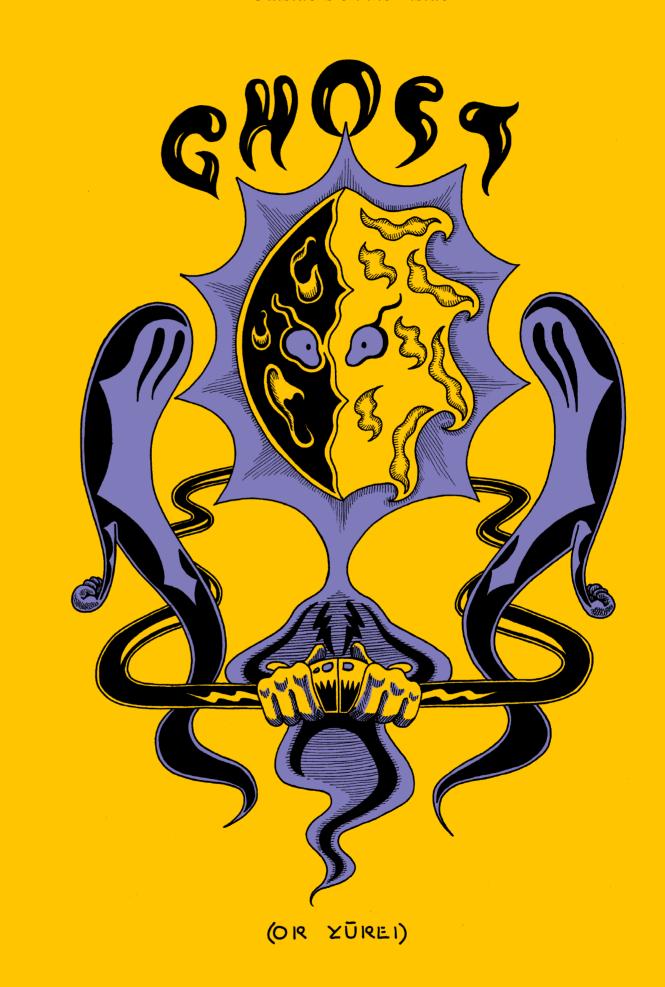
This is how we feel.

feel.

the Fagarese have spirits like in the reverb in the static in the stasis, flowing adding one another up to the highest level producing an almost real sound

one of the moon killing the sun.

Ghost (or Yurei)

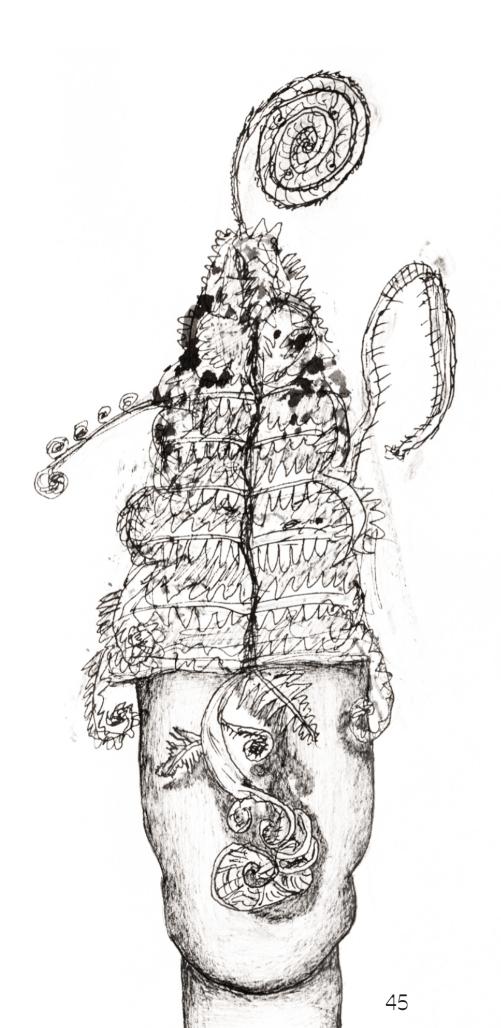


Outsiders on the Inside



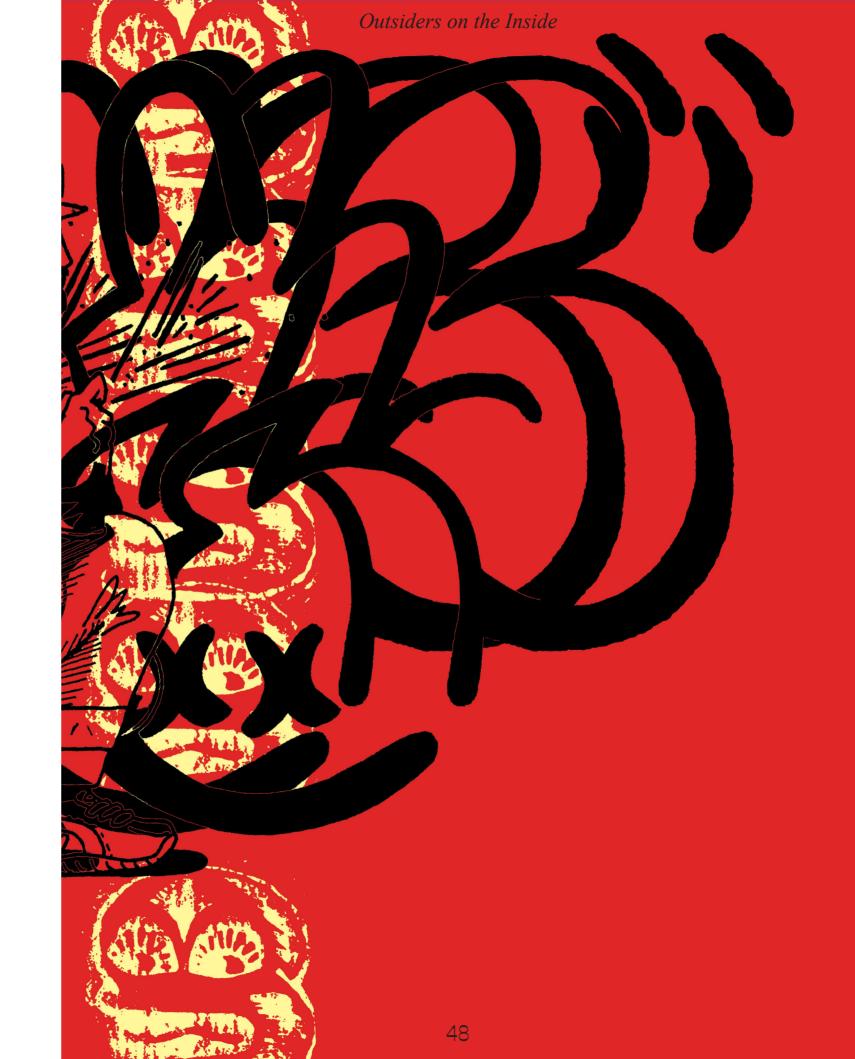


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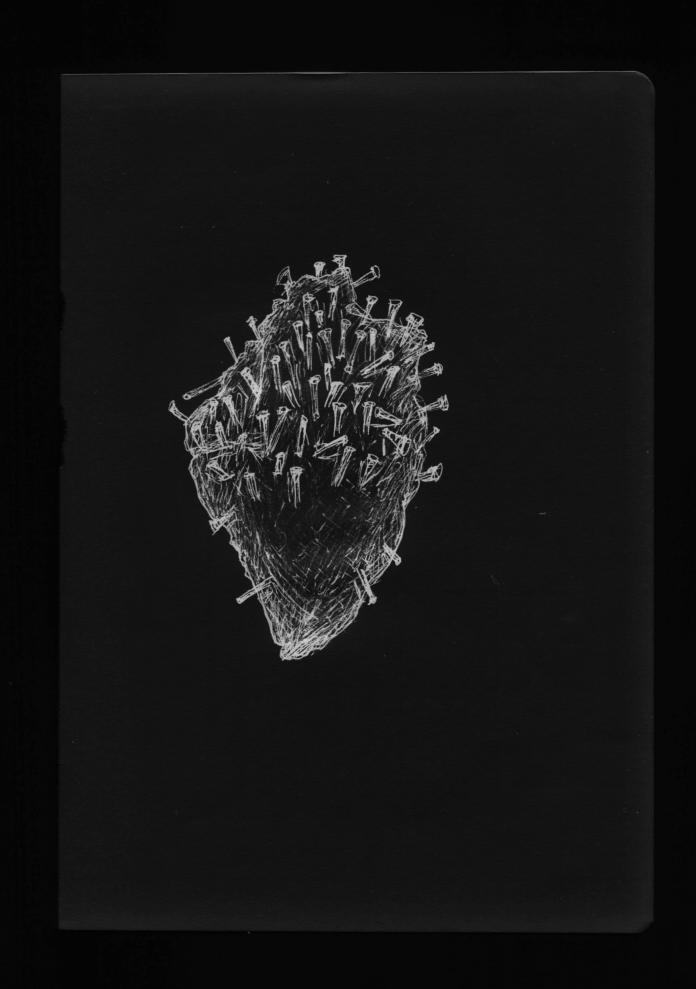






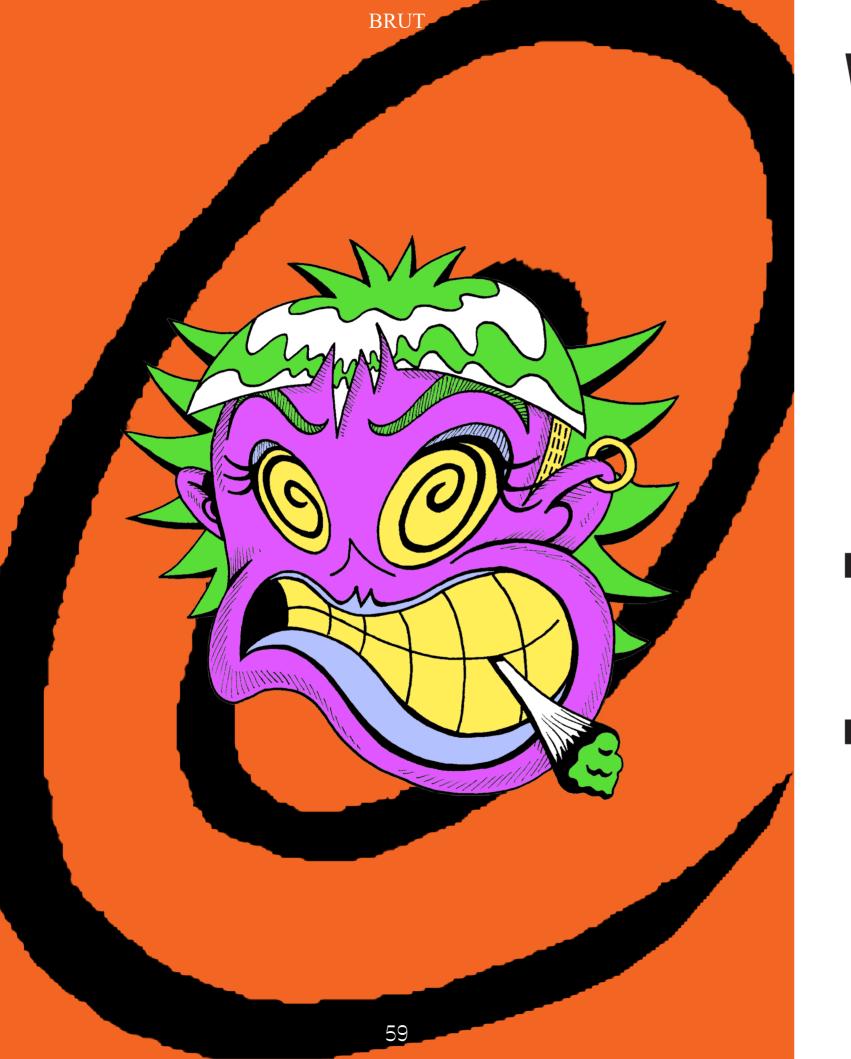












WTF AM I DOING IN THIS TOILET TELLINGA STORY?



an empty window beckered to the smoking sun

adorned with a black railing bleached grey now

inviting all sorts in visitors, invinsible insects

which bite depending on the side of the steeper

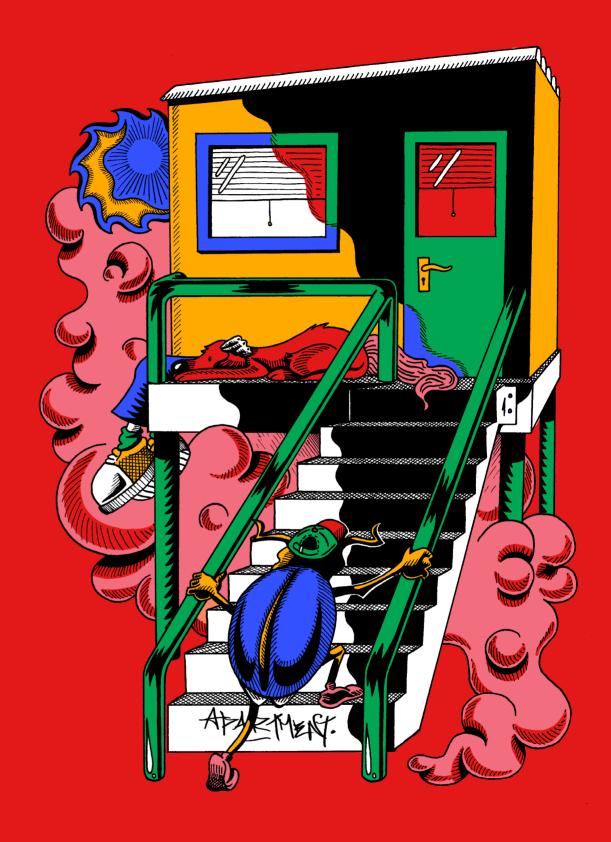
a toy windnill was dull in complexion

gusts where stolen by the deadening homes

they wave to each other and to the dog too

it patters down iron stairs to its quarter of roam

they barely move - all three as lonliness sets in Agartment



BRUT Outsiders on the Inside









I want to offer you a Sonrisa but an arrow must begin or end with loving someone even as shadows grip I have mongrel plans of Falling off of Basque foliated within the glance of your eyes.

There are always opportunites available to us that will edge closer US where we want to be. In the coversations we have, in the media we consume, and in the small details of our daily lives. What do we take in?

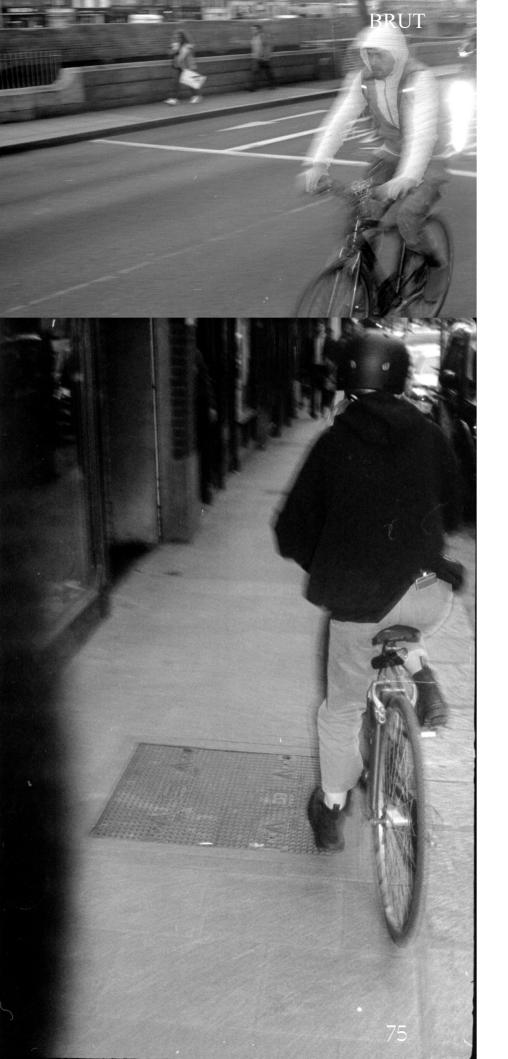
This is how we listen.

listen.

for about six seconds enough time to recognize a face grandad followed the rhythm of Fazz one, two, three, four on the sides of the cup at lunch

he is a habit with one glass and one seat whereby he says good morning and night moments lasting seconds remembered for the days I live. George

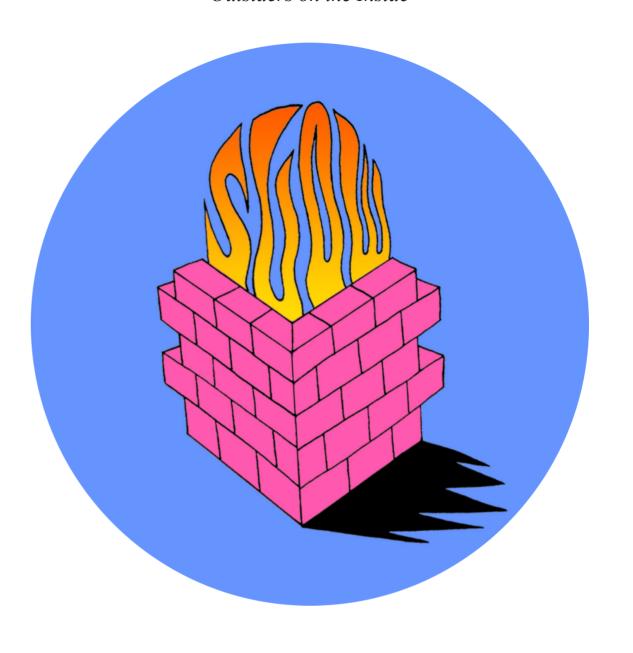






BRUT

YOU GET THIS ATMOSPHERE OF WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE LIKE, AND WHATLIFEWAS LIKEFORTHEM AT THE TIME.



he was fired of waiting at the Terrasza del coffé, looking at the multistable perception of the balcony

he donned his agron to the chair of his apartment and splayed like a heroin Star to the Floorboards

the echo of his gasp and gush parsed through his empty furnishings, both body and barista skills to furnaces

his absurd stance ended in pyre he remembers

he had a touch of midnight brightness

the cobblestones turned to streams guiding to the shadows of his city, black with melting windows

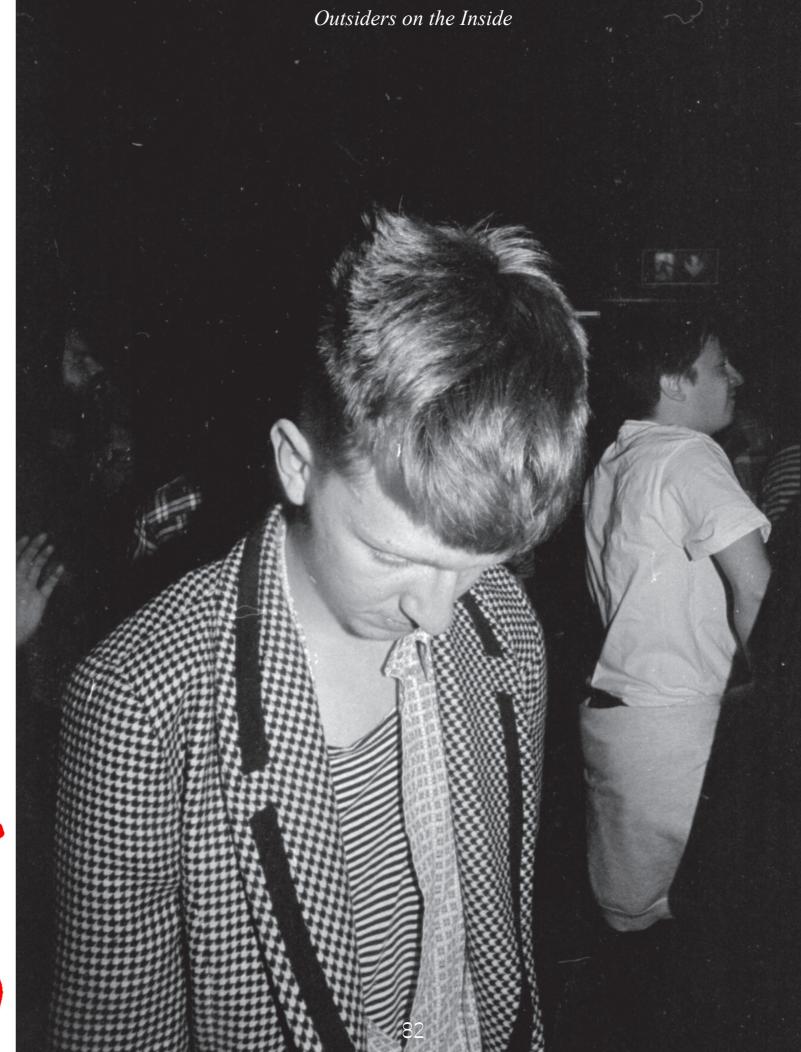
he had to look out.

Jesus!





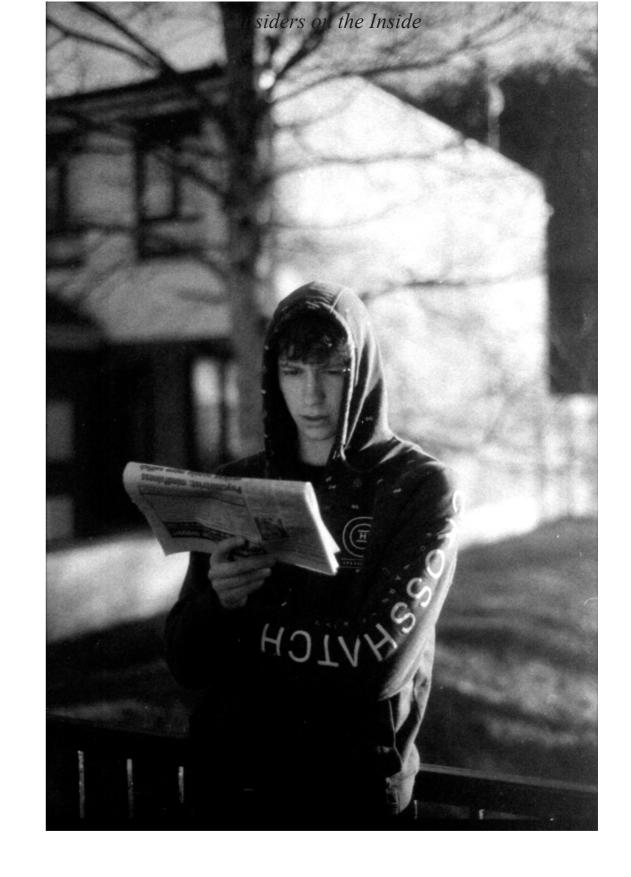










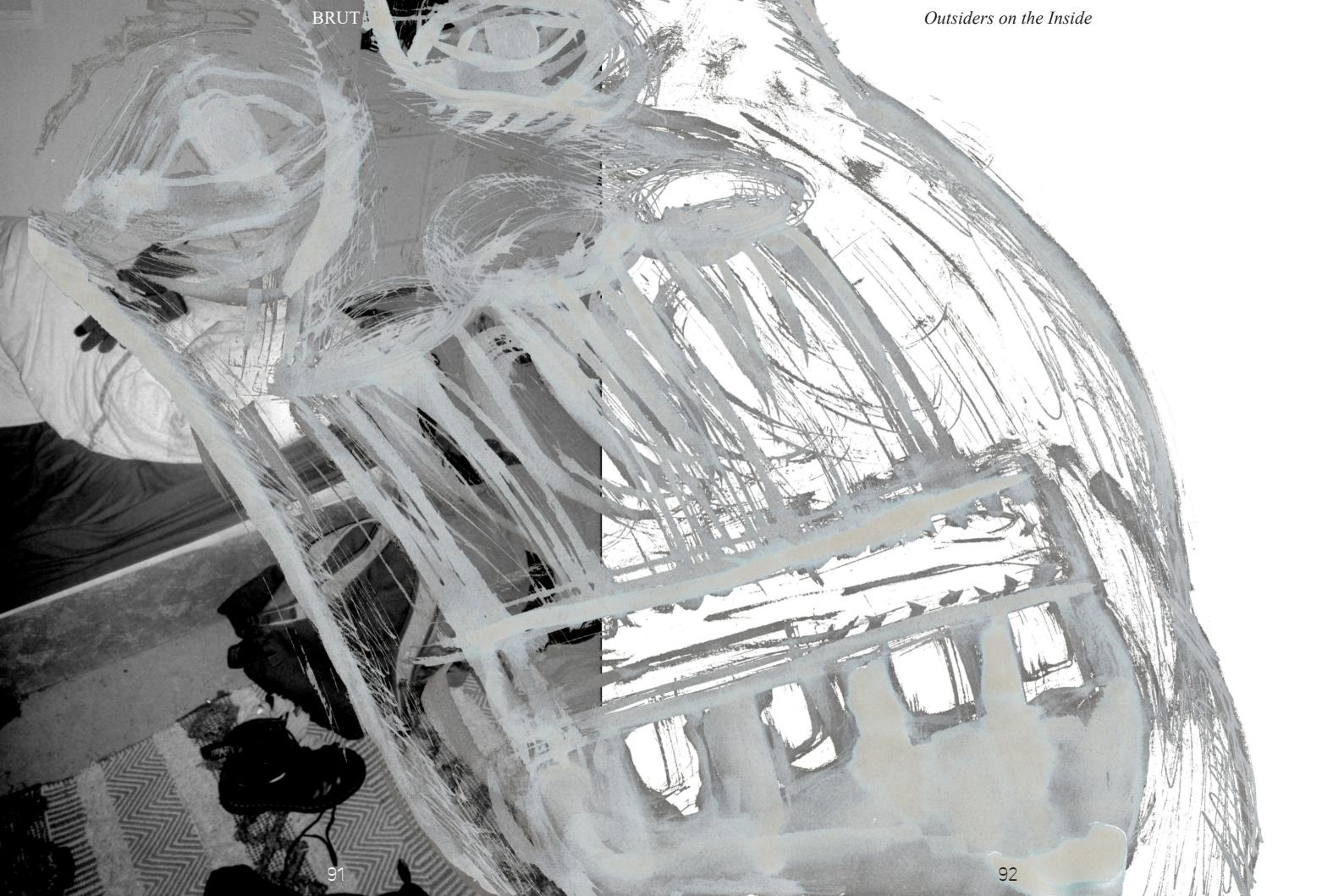






piles of socks and not chosen dothes make for a sun-dial the slowly innacurate tilling of if it is time to clean, to go to bed the bottleries used to be replaced by mam but it is time I grew up and out I'll be out of here in no time she likes to been doors closed things in containers as if time weren't a thing. Childhood









don't have to be up or down tomorrow I enter the day awake and ask myself where has lost meaning destroyed the volumes? facets can be moved around to reveal hidden meaning to each I don't have to be as made thought but lisoleum grounded the same as everyone else.

Awaiting



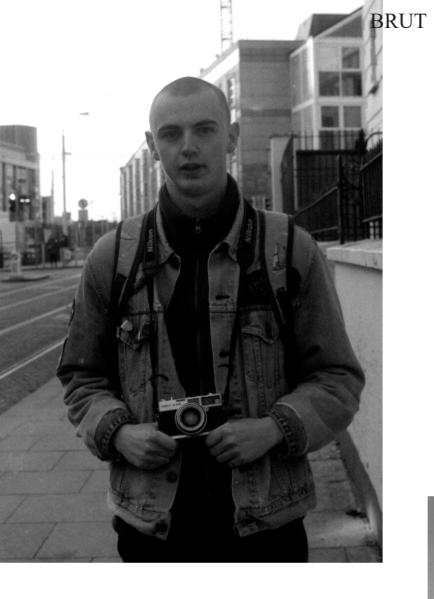


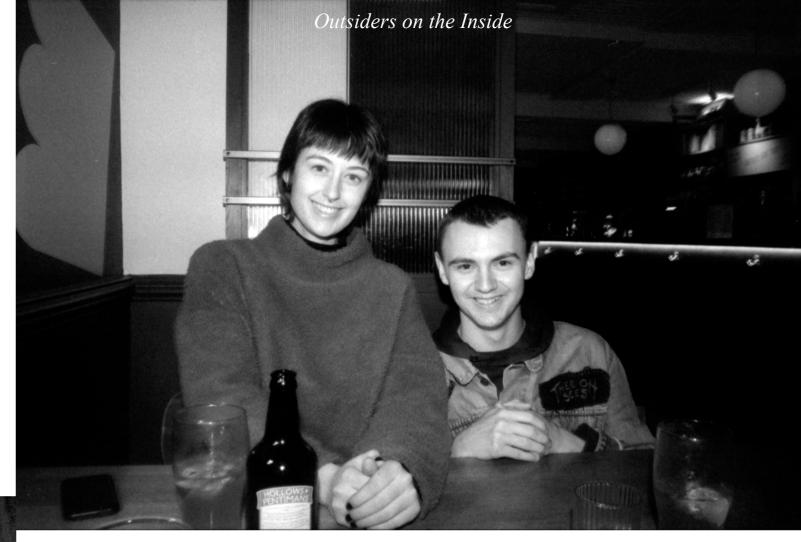




BRUT

the collective.









BRUT

Opposite, are eight stickers from the book, giving you the option to customise your personal edition.

However, maybe you've another idea of how to use them. Either way, be creative, and have fun.

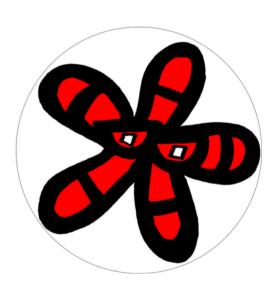












stickers

